

THE FREE PRESS

An Independent Newspaper. Published Weekly,

Vol. I.

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA, Saturday, March 28, 1914.

No. 1.

Mexican War Nearing End

According to late reports the Mexican rebels will soon be the Mexican Government and Huerta will again be a rebel. President Wilson will in all probability recognize the rebels immediately they gain possession of the Mexican capital.

Wilson's Trust Message

President Wilson's famous trust message is simply a plea for the small business men. Congress can no more abolish the trust than she can turn a hen into an egg.

Mushers Detained

Ed. Williams, who came from Tofty to attend the trial of the Bank against Richards and Williams will return home shortly.

Morgan Withdraws

J. P. Morgan has withdrawn from the directorates of a score of railroads and other big corporations. Mr Morgan says that he is doing this because of an "apparent change in public sentiment in this matter." Meaning that it is beginning to not look nice for one man to "hog it all!"

Subscribe to THE FREE PRESS

THAT WOMAN'S MEETING

By one of Them

Lost, Strayed or stolen—the makings of a large, young Civic Club. Any person having authentic information regarding the above mentioned club will receive, as a reward, a grateful smile if he or she will call and leave said information with the editor of the Free Press.

Has somebody been practicing sabotage on the proposed Civic Club? Has the woman's movement in Fairbanks spent its force? Was the intricate ballot explained in vain? Was the inimitable rhetoric and faulty logic of a member of the "Alaska Leg-

islation" expended in so perishable cause? Alas, that it should be so.

But perhaps there is a reason for this untimely demise. Perhaps the Socialists took too prominent a part: At least two of them were present; perhaps some of the women fear that their obviously dissimilar views cannot be reconciled, even for the sake of civic betterment; perhaps some of them are not yet sufficiently drilled in the use of parliamentary law; as for the rest—most likely their opinion was aptly expressed by the sentiment uttered before the adjournment was cold, "I'd rather rag."

Shushana Falsehoods

New York Promoters Are Busy Luring Men To Alaska By False Stories Of Shushana Riches,

A New York Company is endeavoring to the best of its ability to persuade the unwary to invest in a property that they say that they have in the Shushana and which will yield fabulous amounts in the near future.

The circulars that they have sent out are a tissue of lies. If they own any ground there, in

the light which experienced miners have told us we can safely say that it is valueless for placer mining purposes. These promoters of fake mining property in Alaska are the worst enemies that Alaska has to contend with and there should be some method of meting out to these people the punishment they deserve.

It is not only the fact that these leeches rob their dupes of thousands of dollars in small sums, but there are other dupes who read these gaudy circulars and come here on a veritable wild goose chase. These either stay and glut the labor market or leave the country and knock us wherever they go.

The Socialists Will Hold Mass Conference On Sunday March 29.

The Socialists of the Tanana Valley have planned a conference to be held at Harmonie Hall on Sunday, beginning at 10 a. m. and continuing through the afternoon. The morning session will be devoted to a discussion of the platform and the constitution. In the afternoon a miscellaneous program will be rendered. Articles will be read explaining the Socialist party methods of work and machinery also on the work of the woman's international Socialist bureau will be read and following each paper will be a short discussion. Little Margaret Volkman is expected to recite.

A number of local members will take part in the program as well as some from the surrounding country. The meetings are open to the general public, and those who want to know the difference between the way the Socialist party is conducted and that of the old parties, will get much valuable information by attending the conference. In addition to the program, Lena Morrow Lewis will give a short talk.

GUESS WHO I AM

You Dont Have To, I Shall Come Again Next Week

If I had a million o' money carefully protected from the income tax by a plutocratic supreme court, I would probably not be here to enquire whether you are slaves or sovereigns. And if you could draw your check for seven figures, with any probability of getting it cashed, you would not be here to answer. You'd do just as Dives did, lean back in your luxurious chair and absorb your sangaree, while Lazarus scratched his fleas on your front steps and exploited your garbage barrel for bones. You'd turn up your patrician nose at the lowly proletaire, and if he did but hint that, having created this world's wealth, He was entitled to something better than hand-outs, you'd have an anti-communistic cat-fit and denounce him as an insolent hoodlum who should be comfortably hanged. That's human nature to a hair, and you are all human, I suppose even if the politicians do buy you with gas and sell you for gold.

I tell you frankly that I'm complaining, not because of the other fellow's colossal fortune, but because I can't strike the plutocratic combination. I'm dreadfully anxious to accumulate a modest fortune—of about fifty millions—that I may build a comfortable orphan asylum for that vast contingent of democratic politicians whom the next election will deprive of their "paw."

I'm no philanthropist who is trying to reform the world for fun of the thing—who is willing to starve to death for an attractive tombstone. I want to so change industrial conditions that I won't have to hustle so hard and so long between meals; and when they are bettered for me they will be bettered for you, and for every man who with pick or pen, brain or brawn, honestly earns his daily bread.

I want more holidays; more time to sit down and reflect that it's good to be alive, more time to go fishing—not for man, but for sure-enough suckers. Here in America if the average mortal aspires to fill a long felt want with firstclass fodder, he's got to chase the almighty dollar on weekdays like a hungry coyote camping on the trail of a corpulent Jack rabbit, and spend Sunday figuring how to circumvent his fellow citizen. Life with the American people is one continual hurry and rush from the cradle to the grave. We're born in a hurry, live by electricity and die with scientific expedition. Half of us don't take time to get acquainted with our own families. We've even got to courting by telephone and I expect to see some enterprising firm put up lovers' ktsses in tablet form, so that they can be carried in the vest pocket and absorbed while we figure our per cent almighty ten per cent kid or make out a mortgage.

Subscribe To
The
FREE PRESS